Cross Your Palm

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/90819361.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Categories:
F/F, F/M

Fandom:
Deadlock (Video Game)

Relationship:
Silver (Deadlock)/Reader

Characters:
Silver (Deadlock), Reader

Additional Tags:
Bar, Fist Fights, Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Biting, Past Trauma, Abandonment Issues, Established Relationship, Animal Traits, Physical Abuse, Emotional Manipulation, Reader-Insert, Gender-Neutral Reader-Insert

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2026-08-18 Words: 2,628 Chapters: 1/2

Cross Your Palm

by Bordementions

Summary

Meeting up with an old friend under rather unfavorable circumstances

Notes

Going into and experimenting with writing different medias to try and step away from just writing the same old stuff.

Yeah

Silver deadlock is hot but that is kind of a given, Valve was pretty cool for making her a terrible irredeemable person that lets her addictions and vices control her life and is incapable of change without the interference of an otherworldy outer god

Thats my characterization at least and its really fucking attractive I think and I want her to ruin both of our lives

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The heavy, black trash bags dragged against your knuckles, weighing down hands that had already spent twelve straight hours hauling crates, scrubbing grease, and hauling trays across three different shifts. Your shoulders ached with a dull, throbbing burn, and the back of your shirt was damp from the late Manhattan heat.

It was past midnight, the tail end of a brutal double-shift at a low-end dive bar tucked into the lower grid of the city. You weren't a bartender, didn't have the face or the patience for it anymore. You worked the back: stocking the ice, hauling the inventory, sweeping up broken glass, and taking out the trash. It was quiet, honest work, even if the pay barely kept the lights on in your cramped apartment.

Heaving two overstuffed bags toward the rear exit, you had to cut straight across the back corner of the main floor. The bar was thick with the foul stench of cheap gin, tobacco smoke, and whatever other carcinogens permanently filled the city air. You kept your chin down, eyes glued to the scuffed hardwood floor, praying you could pitch the trash into the alley dumpster and clock out before your knees gave out entirely.

That was all that you had to do, just this one last minute task and you were free to—? That smell. Why does it...?

Over the stench of various liquor and old sawdust, a sudden, piercingly familiar scent hit your nose: despite your best wishes you had become rather sensitive to alcohol, and the heavy, sweet reek of Kentucky bourbon was not something that was sold here.

Your boots froze for half a second. Slowing your pace, you didn't look up immediately, but your eyes darted sideways. Sitting on a high stool near the end of the counter was a woman with a frayed orange jacket draped over thin, ragged shoulders. A long, uneven blonde wolf cut cascaded down her back, and poking out from the messy hair were two tall, gray furry ears that twitched at every clink of a glass. Her left arm rested on the bar, claws wrapped tight around a half-empty glass of amber liquor.

Lilah Silver.

She was visibly smashed, her eyes heavy-lidded and glassy as she stared down the bartender, but there was still that terrifying, razor-

sharp functionality to her posture. She wasn't sloppy; she was just numb. Heavy claw marks ran across her cheek and chest, and the collar around her throat was as scuffed as you remembered.

Your heart slammed against your ribs like a trapped bird. No. Not here, not now. And most certainly not fucking tonight.

You ducked your head, shifted the weight of the trash bags, and picked up your stride, aiming straight for the heavy metal door marked Employees Only. You were three steps away when her ears swiveled sharply in your direction, followed by the slow turn of her head.

"Hey..." a dry, raspy voice drawled out, cutting through the low roar of the jukebox.

You didn't stop. You pushed forward, hoping the noise of the tavern would drown out her sudden interest.

"Hey, hold up a second.

A chair scraped violently against the floorboards. Before you could reach the door handle, a figure lurked into your peripheral vision. Silver swayed slightly, her amber eyes squinting through the dim lighting as she tried to focus on your face. Even off her rocker, her instincts were unnervingly fast.

"The hell is your rush, pal?" she muttered, her Southern accent slurring slightly around the edges as she leaned in way too close. "You look like..." She blinked hard, shaking her head as if trying to rattle her brain back into alignment. "Wait a minute..."

"You're drunk, lady. Get out of my way," you snapped quietly, keeping your face turned down as you tried to shoulder past her toward the exit.

"C'mon, just... lemme shee," Her left hand shot out, clamping down on your forearm with the grip of a vice. The sheer strength in those digits hadn't faded a bit. She pulled you back half an inch, trying to force you into the light of the flickering neon sign overhead. "Look at me. Turn around."

"I said get your hands off me," you growled, yanking your arm back with everything you had. The momentum broke her loose grip, and without waiting another second, you slammed your shoulder into the crash bar of the back door, bursting out into the cool, damp midnight

air of the alleyway.

The door slammed shut behind you, cutting off the noise of the bar. You exhaled a ragged breath, the cold concrete under your boots grounding you as you hauled the bags over to the giant dumpster. You tossed them in, the resounding thud echoing off the brick walls. You reached into your pocket, fingers trembling as you pulled out your keys, ready to sprint down the side passage to the street and never look back.

CLANG.

The heavy metal door burst open again, slamming against the exterior brick wall.

Silver stumbled out into the alley, her shotgun clinking against her belt as her boots scraped the asphalt. She took a couple quick, uncoordinated steps toward you, the shadows of the fire escapes painting harsh angles across her scarred face. She wasn't swaying anymore. The sudden jolt of adrenaline had burned off just enough of the alcohol-induced fog to leave her eyes wide, sharp.

"I know that voice," she breathed, her voice dropping an octave, starting to tremble from her throat. "I'd know that damn voice anywhere."

You stood frozen near the dumpster, keys clutched tight in your palm. "Silver, please I—"

She stopped dead in her tracks five feet away. Her mouth opened, closed, and opened again. The snark, the cynical sneer, the tough-guy demeanor, it all melted away, leaving behind the hollow, desperate wreck you had left behind years ago.

"You're... you're alive," she whispered, her ears flattening against her head. Her eyes swept over you, taking in your clean look, your plain, un-bloody clothes, and the sheer exhaustion etched into your face. "You're alive. You son of a bitch."

"I am," you said, keeping your voice flat, guarded, building a wall between you and her before she could break through it. "And I'm working. I'm finishing my shift."

"Finishing your shift?!" Silver let out a bitter, barking laugh that sounded dangerously close to a sob, running her furred hand violently through her blonde mane. "You... you vanished! You and all your shit

in the middle of the night, just up and disappeared! I spent months looking for you! I thought some gang caught up to us! I thought you were dead in a ditch somewhere!"

"I wasn't," you replied evenly. "I just left."

"You left?!" Her hand dropped to the stock of her gun, not to draw it, but out of pure, white-knuckled habit. Her jaw clenched so tight you could hear her teeth grinding. "No note? No word? You just walked out on me?!"

"Look at you, Lilah!" you snapped, the built-up resentment from years of survival finally bursting through your exhausted shell. You gestured sharply at her ragged clothes, the dried blood on her boots, and the overwhelming reek of liquor radiating off her skin. "Look at you right now! It's been years, and you're still doing the same goddamn thing! You're still getting smashed in low-end dives, still covered in somebody else's blood, still killing yourself one bottle at a time!"

Silver flinched as if you'd physically struck her, her eyes flaring with a mixture of rage and profound shame.

"I tried," you continued, your voice shaking slightly. "I tried for years to pull us out of that gutter. I tried to get you to stop, to get us clean jobs, to stop taking bounties that almost got us killed every single night. But you didn't want to change. You were going to drag us both down until we were six feet under, and I decided I wanted to live."

Silver stared at you, her chest heaving underneath her shirt. Her tail dropped low, stiff and tense.

"I have a life now," you said softer, looking down at your keys. "It's hard. I work three jobs, I barely sleep, and I'm tired every single minute of the day. But it's mine. It's clean. I don't wake up wondering if a bullet's going to come through the window."

For a long moment, the only sound in the alley was the distant hum of Manhattan traffic and the low rattle of Silver's uneven breathing.

"A clean life," she repeated quietly, her Southern accent thick with a heavy, bitter sorrow. She looked down at her black, clawed hand, flexing her fingers. "Yeah. Must be nice."

She took a slow step back, reaching into her jacket and pulling out a crushed pack of cigarettes. She slipped one between her lips with trembling fingers, flicking a lighter to life with her other hand. The

tiny flame illuminated the deep scars on her face, highlighting the dark circles under her eyes.

"I thought we were a team," she murmured, blowing a plume of gray smoke up into the night air. "We were supposed to stick together."

"We were dying, Lilah," you said softly, taking a step toward the alley's exit to the main street. "I'm sorry I didn't say goodbye. But I don't regret walking away."

Silver didn't try to grab you this time. She just watched you, taking a long, dragging pull from her cigarette.

"You think you're safe out here with these little side gigs?" she called out softly as you reached the sidewalk, her voice regaining a fraction of its edge, though it cracked at the ends. "You got any idea what's gonna be happening here soon? The Maelstrom's acting up again. There's a ritual starting in the streets, and some gods are promising to fix lives for anyone who throws enough lead."

You paused at the corner of the alley, looking back over your shoulder to look her in the eyes.

She offered a weak, crooked smirk that didn't reach her eyes, holding her glass up in a mock toast with her clawed hand. "Take care of yourself. Wouldn't want you getting killed after I spent all those years mourning you."

Her words hit you in a place you didn't like, low, sharp, and meant to draw blood. You stopped in your tracks right at the edge of the sidewalk, mourn you. The sheer nerve of her, acting like she was the victim, like she hadn't spent years drowning both of you in her misery, completely broke whatever restraint you had left.

You spun on your heel, taking a furious stride back toward her.

"Mourning me?" you hissed, your voice laced with poison. "You didn't mourn me, Lilah! You just missed having someone around to clean up after you and throw you in the shower when you passed out in your own vomit! You didn't give a damn about me, you just hated being alone with yourself!"

Silver's smug, crooked smirk vanished instantly. The cigarette dropped from her lips, tumbling onto the damp asphalt as her eyes flared wide, slanted with a sudden heat.

"Say that again," she growled, her voice dropping into a low, animalistic rumble in her chest.

"You heard me," you spat, standing your ground even as she closed the distance between you. She invaded your space, towering over you, her jacket flaring out as she leaned down until her chest was nearly touching yours. You could smell the heavy reek of bourbon and gunpowder wafting off her in waves.

"You don't know a damn thing about what I went through!" she snarled, her hands twitching violently at her side. "I bled for you! I took bullets for you!"

"And then you would drink yourself stupid and expected me to just lay there right beside you till we wound up dead!" You didn't flinch. You kept your hands down at your sides, refusing to raise your fists. "Look at you! You're trying to start a fight because you don't know how to do anything else in your fucking life. But I'm not playing your game, Silver. I don't solve my problems with my fists anymore. I'm not like you."

That was the breaking point.

"You think you're better than me, huh?! Is that it?!"

Before you could react, Silver lashed out, grabbing the collar of your shirt and throwing a heavy, bare-knuckled right hook straight into your jaw.

The force of the blow cracked against your teeth, sending you crashing hard onto the concrete. Pain exploded behind your eyes, the metallic taste of blood bursting across your tongue. You scrambled backward, gasping for air as you tried to pull yourself up against the cold brick wall.

Don't do it, a voice screamed in your head. Don't go back to what you were.

But the old, buried instincts surged up like a instinctual reflex. As Silver stepped in to grab you again, you ducked under her swinging arm, drove your shoulder into her ribs, and planted a brutal, desperate right cross flush against her cheekbone.

Her head snapped back with a sharp crack. She staggered half a step, letting out a sharp, surprised grunt. For a second, you thought you had a chance. But you were an exhausted bar hand working a triple

shift, and Silver was a hardened, supernatural bounty hunter.

Before you could throw another punch, Silver caught your wrist in mid-air. With a surge of inhuman strength, she twisted your arm back, spun you around, and slammed you back-first against the alley wall with enough force to knock the wind completely out of your lungs.

Your head cracked against the brick. Before you could recover, her body was pressed flush against yours, trapping you. Her left hand pinned both of your wrists above your head, her claws digging warningly into the meat of your skin, while her right arm barred across your chest, crushing you in place.

You thrashed wildly, trying to kick out, but she leaned her full weight into you, completely immobilizing your legs.

"Let go of me!" you gasped, straining against her grip, but her strength was like steel.

"Shut up," she panted, her heavy, ragged breath hot against your ear.

Silver leaned down, tilting her head, and buried her face into the side of your neck. You froze instantly. You felt the icy cold metal of her dog collar against your skin, felt the rough, wild blonde hair brushed against your cheek, and then with an agonizingly slow, deliberate pressure, you felt her sharp fangs press lightly into the tender flesh of your throat. Not hard enough to break the skin, but just enough to let you know she could rip your windpipe out if she really needed to.

She held you tight, pulling your body flush against hers, holding you in that terrifyingly intimate embrace. The exact same way she used to hold you years ago when it was the only comfort either of you could rely on.

Your breathing hitched. You couldn't pull away. You couldn't move a single muscle.

"Look at you," Silver whispered softly into your neck, her voice low, mean. Her teeth grazed your skin as she spoke, sending a cold shiver straight down your spine. "Look at you, throwing punches in a filthy alleyway like a common thug... You ain't clean, honey. You ain't straight-laced. You're still the same desperate, violent bastard I used to run with."

She squeezed your wrists tighter, her breath hitching as her ears twitched against your forehead.

"You didn't change," she rasped, her voice trembling with a terrifying mix of rage and desperate, pathetic grief. "You're not better than me. Hell no. You'll never be better than me."

End Notes

Silver domestic abuse series incoming jkjkjk

unless...?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!